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**The Story of an Arab Boy Who Renounced Mohammedanism.**  
According to history, there was born about the year 1520 an Arab boy named Geronimo. He was captured in infancy by the Spanish garrison at Oran, and when about eight years old he escaped from his captors and went back to his family, living as a Mohammedan until the age of twenty-five. He then voluntarily returned to Oran and resumed the Christian life which he had adopted previously when in the hands of the Spanish authorities. A few years later he went on a coasting raid with a party of Spaniards, but the raiders were themselves captured by a Moorish corsair and brought to Algiers. Here the attempt was made to convert him to Mohammedanism, but he persistently refused to embrace that faith, so that he was tried and condemned to die. His hands were tied behind his back, and he was cast alive, face downward, into a block of concrete then being prepared for the Fort des Vingt Quatre Heures, then building. Careful note was taken of the spot by Haido, a Spanish Benedictine missionary to Algiers, who prayed the time might come when the Lord would pave the way for his exhumation and Christian burial. In 1853 the French found it necessary to destroy the fort, and the data left by Haido were found to be correct, for the designated block of concrete on being cut open disclosed the bones of Geronimo and the cavity left by his body. The bones were removed Dec. 27, 1853, and given Christian burial, and they now rest in a massive stone sarcophagus in the cathedral. A plaster cast was made of the cavity and afterward photographed.—Cement Age.

**AN UNCONQUERED PEAK.**

**Lizard Head on Mount Wilson Has Defied the Climbers.**  
The mountains and peaks of the San Juan in northwestern Colorado present a different appearance from any of the northern Rockies. They are grander, more precipitous, with sharper pinnacles and more jagged in outline. In height Mount Massive, Elbert and Blanca slightly outrank those of the San Juan, but nowhere else can be found whole groups of mountains rearing their heads to and above 14,000 feet. Mount Wilson—14,250 feet—the dominant peak, is one of the most massive in the entire Rocky mountain range. Just east of this mountain is the remarkable trachyte obelisk called Lizard head. The vivid imagination of an early pioneer who had been "seeing things" is said to be responsible for the name. The summit is 14,160 feet above the sea. From a ponderous base the pinnacle rises 290 feet, with a diameter at the foot of only about sixty feet, gradually tapering to less than half that at the top. Lizard head has defied all attempts of mountain climbers to reach its summit. The foot of the pinnacle is easily accomplished, but thus far the steep sides of the 290 foot shaft have proved insurmountable. No doubt the time will come when the venturesome mountain climber will find a way, but many a failure is the record of the past. Trains circle this mountain for miles on the way from Telluride to Rico.—New York Post.

**Two Horse Tales.**  
An Albanian who had been in an eastern state while freshets were in full swing told the following about a horse which had been attached to a footbridge crossing a brook to keep the structure from going adrift. The flood finally swept horse and bridge down stream. Later the bridge was discovered lodged against the bank, with the horse sitting quietly on the former.

A bystander who had listened intently to this tale remarked quietly: "I see suthin' similyar oncut."  
"Indeed? What was it?" asked the story teller.  
"Ye see," was the reply, "arter the hoss I see was took down stream no-buddy ever 'spected to see him alive ag'in. But he was a pow'ful sort o' brute, an' 'bout a hour arterward we see him a-comin' up stream a-pullin' the blame old bridge arter him!"—Albany Journal.

**Mortar Tossers.**  
There is no hod carrying in Japan. The native builders have a method of transporting mortar which makes it seem more like play than work—to the onlooker. The mortar is mixed in a pile in the street. One man makes this up into balls of about six pounds weight, which he tosses to a man who stands on a ladder midway between the roof and the ground. This man deftly catches the ball and tosses it up to a man who stands on the roof.—San Francisco Chronicle.

**Women and the Theater.**  
The first aim of the modern playwright is to please the women in the audience. The second thought is for the female characters in the play. If a play finds favor with the women it is bound to be a success. The men will go if only because she is there or to act as her escort.—Theater Magazine.

**Had to Keep Ideals.**  
"Why don't you get married?"  
"Oh, it would be absolutely fatal to my literary work."  
"What do you write?"  
"Love stories."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.  
When a quarrel is the breakfast food look out for marital indigestion.—Manchester Union.

**HIS PAPERWEIGHT.**

**Travels of a Bottle of Wine and its Ultimate Fate.**  
A paperweight consisting of a piece of thick glass with a tokay wine label fastened on the back and showing through is a part of the desk furniture in the library of a man who goes to Europe nearly every year. "People look at the thing," he said, "and wonder what the wine label is doing there, and when I see the question coming I always tell the story."  
"Some years ago I went to Raab, in Hungary, where I called on an old lady who in Vienna years before had shown much interest in and befriended a young American student at the university. The poor student had grown to be a rich physician, and he wanted me to call and present his compliments. When I was about to leave after a pleasant visit the woman handed me a bottle of wine which had come from her estate and asked me to take it to our mutual friend. I carted that bottle all over Europe, paid duty on it several times and finally landed it safe and sound here in the house. A few days after my return we invited the doctor for dinner, and the bottle was brought in with much ceremony. I made a little presentation speech and then in handing it to the doctor dropped it on the floor where you see that stain. That's the label under the glass."—New York Tribune.

**HORSE AND DOG.**

**Contact With Civilization Lessens Their Cunning and Sagacity.**  
The dog is no doubt the most intelligent of our domestic animals, and I yield to none in my affection for him. I can almost eat and sleep with a fine dog winter and summer. But I try not to deceive myself about his intelligence. It seems to me that if the dog had the least spark of wit akin to our own—that is, power of reason—his long association with man would have fanned it into a flame, however small. But after all these thousands of years of human companionship and love he has less wit in some respects than his wild brothers, the fox and the wolf. Having been spared the struggle to live that falls to their lot, his cunning and sagacity have deteriorated. The same is true of the horse, which has less intelligence than the wild stallion of the plains and for the same reason. These animals do not grow wiser as they grow less wild. They do not civilize or develop. We train them into certain ways that make them serviceable to us; we humanize them without adding to their mental capacity. In other words, we cannot cross our intelligence upon theirs and make it fruitful in them. The germ will not take.—John Burroughs in Outing Magazine.

**English House Names.**  
House owners are sometimes rather unfortunate in their selection of names for their abodes, and in suburbia house naming is occasionally rather ludicrous. Thus "The Maples" has never a maple near, "The Rosary" only exists in imagination, "Sunnyside" is the most depressing villa residence, and houses named after the English lakes no more suggest the lake district than Fleet street suggests the Bois de Boulogne. The Anglo-Saxon word "hyrst," signifying a forest or wood, has become "hurst" in house naming, and "wood" and "holt" have the same meaning. All house names ending with these terminations are pretty and not unsafe to choose.

It is curious to note that in Hastings and St. Leonards quite a number of houses have typically Saxon names, perhaps to commemorate the great Saxon tragedy of which the name Hastings is reminiscent.

**Pomp of English Mayors.**  
Chichester arms its chief magistrate with a gold mounted malacca cane of office, while the mayor of Guildford carries the stick presented to the borough by Queen Elizabeth. At York both the lord mayor and lady mayors are equipped with the silver mounted oak staves which have marked their authority for centuries. Among the official retainers of the mayor of Ripon is the municipal horn blower, who every night at 9 o'clock winds three blasts upon this aged musical instrument before the mayor's residence and again at the marked cross.—London Standard.

**Hardened.**  
"Listen to this, Maria," said Mr. Stubb as he unfolded his scientific paper. "This article states that in some of the old Roman prisons that have been unearthed they found the petrified remains of the prisoners."  
"Gracious, John!" replied Mrs. Stubb, with a smile. "I suppose you would call them hardened criminals."

**Truthful.**  
Mark Twain once missed the train which should have taken him to his work. He did not wire any excuse. His telegram to his employer took this form: "My train left at 7.20. I arrived at the station at 7.35 and could not catch it."

**Lack Right Qualities.**  
Mrs. Hix—Mrs. June strikes me as being entirely too masculine for a woman. Mrs. Dix—Yes, indeed. Why, every time she has an ache or pain she makes as much fuss about it as a man would.—Smith's Weekly.

**Retrenching.**  
"I tell you, they are retrenching."  
"But they still have their auto."  
"Which they run well within the speed limit. Bah!"—Louisville Courier-Journal.

**SLEEP IN THE DESERT.**

**Impossibility of Keeping Awake in Riding Across Gobi.**  
Hitherto I have thought that traveling by carts over stony roads and staying in Chinese inns at night was the hardest thing a foreigner traveling in China was called upon to endure, but since I have traveled with a caravan of camels I have changed my opinion. The monotony of the desert by day and the bed of camel's saddle at night, the evil smell of camels and the slowness of their drivers and the acrid choking of the little fire on which one's food is cooked—none of these things is so trying to the foreigners as the sleeplessness which attacks one in this high region. This to me was a real torture. Traveling the cold night with no other company than dull Chinese, who seem to sleep while walking alongside the camels or while sitting on their backs, and being weighed down by heavy sleepiness is the worst thing I have endured.  
You sit on your horse and, in spite of every effort, fall asleep. Presently you wake up and find yourself on the ground, with your horse standing bewildered at your side, wondering whether you are alive or dead. Then you try to keep yourself awake by walking and talking a bit to the camel drivers, but you soon find that they are just as sleepy as yourself. A few words are exchanged, and then you are too tired to open your mouth to talk or even to think of anything but sleep, sweet sleep. Oh, for just a few minutes there at the roadside in the soft sand! But, no; you must go on and fight against this desire. It is too dangerous to sleep by the roadside on the ground. The caravan cannot wait, and your servant would not watch over you. He would soon fall asleep like yourself. The wolves would then have an easy time.  
Yet in spite of all this reasoning you feel as if you were drawn to the ground by the power of a thousand strong magnets and soon yield to sleep again. Suddenly your watchful horse, whose reins you have kept slung around your neck—this is a wise thing to do—pulls up, starts and jerks you wide awake. You jump up, not knowing where you are for some seconds, but you see your horse trembling and realize that danger is near.  
For a few minutes you are fully awake and feel glad and refreshed. You jump on your horse and catch up with the caravan, which has gone a few li (a li is 654 yards) ahead.  
After another ten li or so sleep creeps on again like a huge boa constrictor embracing you in its irresistible grasp. The same fight has then to be fought over again. Then at last the caravan arrives at the halting place for the night.—North China News.

**CORSICAN CUSTOMS.**

**Curious Observances Connected With Death and Burial.**  
When a Corsican woman dies she is always buried in a new costume, which sometimes with the poorer classes takes up most of the family savings, and as the heat of the climate renders burial imperative within twenty-four hours the new gown is generally commenced directly the dying person's illness assumes a serious form. Corsicans reverence the dead, and a feature in a funeral is the "improvisatores"—women whose business it is to improvise prose poetry to the mourners. Often this improvising is wonderfully beautiful and breathes the true feeling of sorrow.  
The "death hunters" attend funerals and afterward wrestle with the mourners. If a relative of the deceased gets the better in the combat it is assumed that his affection for the departed relative was absolutely genuine.  
When the corpse leaves the house the women gather at an upper window and, tearing out handfuls of their hair, throw it on the coffin. The rich hire women mourners, who scratch their faces and are paid in proportion to the injuries they inflict on themselves in their paroxysms of grief.  
A Corsican widow wears a strip of black material tied on her eyes for a week, and during that period she is fed and led about by her friends. No room in her house is cleaned and no fire lighted for the same period.  
In the cemetery is a succession of little buildings with flat roofs and high openings. These are the tombs, and inside them are rich hand-painted flowers, poetry and lamps, which the mourners place there in remembrance of the departed.

**Quaint Market Custom.**  
There exists at Tones market a custom which is believed to be without parallel in the history of markets. A dealer chalks up the price he gives for butter and eggs on a stall, and all the other dealers pay the same. This system has gone on, and surprisingly little friction has resulted. Some time ago an attempt was made to break down the custom and induce producers to stand in the market and make the best price they could. It was, however, short lived, and the old system was reverted to.—St. James' Gazette.

**A Joker.**  
The Congressman (sternly)—You seem to forget, madam, that there is such a word as "obey" in a marriage contract. The Congressman's Wife—Is there? Why, isn't it funny how jokers do creep into things?—Puck.

**The Skinfint.**  
"You are too hard on Mr. Skinfint. You should treat him with more of the milk of human kindness."  
"He'd churn it into butter and sell it if I did."

**Precaution is better than repentance.**  
—Greek Proverb.

**INDIANOLA.**

The young people have been making good use of the ice these fine evenings.  
Mrs. James Cosgrove, who has been quite sick, is improving.  
Leonard Smith has returned from his visit to Crete.  
Mrs. W. Byfield of McCook was a visitor in the home of her son here, last week.  
T. B. Hardesty is moving into his new drugstore this week.  
The new Christian minister comes from Belvidere, and will live in one of J. Townley's houses. His name is L. E. Cox.  
Mrs. Martin Anderson and son Warren are on the sick list.  
John Murray, who is working in McCook, came home Sunday for a short visit. He was accompanied by a lady friend.  
A. C. Teel took a trip over to the Beaver county this week.  
Two of Crocker's children, living north of town, are very sick with pneumonia.  
A light snow fell here Tuesday night.  
Ray Anderson went down to Orleans to see his brother married, Tuesday, and was also best man at the event.  
Mrs. Mabel Purvis, wife of the agent at Bartley, is down with the smallpox. The place is quarantined and all business pertaining to the office is being transacted remote from the depot, in a shanty, shipped there for that purpose.  
Miss Gaitha Noe is now a resident of Indianola, having accepted a position in Mr. Byfield's printing office.  
A report came to our town of the death of Miss Young, daughter of Sam Young, who died from smallpox, Tuesday morning, at her home south of Bartley.  
Charles Broomfield's baby, who has been very sick, is getting along nicely now.

The meetings at the Methodist church are still in progress with large crowds in attendance each night. Also preaching every afternoon at 3 o'clock.  
Miss Nora Silvernail has given her pupils a vacation in order that they may have a chance to recuperate from the grippe.  
A. N. Puckett and brother Cass and little daughter have gone to Kansas to visit relatives.  
Mrs. Northrup of McCook was in Indianola, Wednesday, the guest of Mrs. Leonard Hethcot.  
Mrs. Rose Ferree of McCook came down, Wednesday morning, for a visit with relatives.  
Arlie Pennington of McCook was in Indianola, Tuesday evening.  
Frank Allen was in town awhile, Wednesday, enroute from McCook to his home in Danbury. Mrs. Allen is the proprietor of the Danbury hotel.

Dan McKillip shipped a carload of horses east from this place, Tuesday.  
Tom Haley made a business trip to Holbrook, Monday.  
Patty Anderson, in anticipation of the event which we chronicle below, gave his bachelor friends a farewell oyster supper at the band hall, Saturday evening.  
Patty Anderson and Miss Katie Koehlin were married in Orleans, Tuesday morning. They arrived home on 13 same day. The young couple will occupy a neat little cottage near his parents in Indianola.

**RED WILLOW.**  
Mr. Ruggles had a relapse, but is now improving.  
Mrs. Calvia was an over Sunday visitor at Owens Longecker's.  
Mr. Holland has been very ill again.  
After a visit of three weeks with his sister Mrs. F. C. Smith, Hal Rozelle, on Thursday morning, returned to his home in Valparaiso, Neb.  
Mr. and Mrs. King and Mr. and Mrs. Sexson called on the new boy at Owens Longecker's on Sunday.  
Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Elmer were visiting friends on Saturday.  
Mr. Waddo has been sick again.  
Mrs. Smith, Mrs. Longecker and Gabriella spent Tuesday with Mrs. Taylor.  
Otto, Gladys and Fay Randel, on Sunday, visited their Uncle Frank Hess, north of Indianola.

**R. F. D. No. 1.**  
Mrs. John Breiting and Carrie Fiechtner were visitors over on School Creek, closing 3 days of last week.  
Miss Nettie Easley spent Friday-Sunday with her sister Mrs. W. P. Broomfield.  
William Karp has been shelling corn on Ash Creek, this week.  
The farmers of that neighborhood met at Red Willow, Monday, and organized a Farmers' Elevator Co., for the purpose of handling their own wheat and so forth on the market.  
They had a threshing bee at E. F. Markwad's, Monday of this week.  
The neighbors indulged in a carpet rag sewing party at Hari Myer's, Wednesday of this week.  
Charles Roper is a guest of Joseph Downs and family, this week.

**BOX ELDER.**  
Frank Wilson is on the sick list.  
D. B. Doyle filled his ice house, Tuesday.  
Miss Hatcher visited the Box Elder school, Tuesday.  
Fred Lakin and family visited over Sunday with his parents Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Lakin of Indianola.  
Mr. and Mrs. F. G. Lytle have returned from their visit at Alma.

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